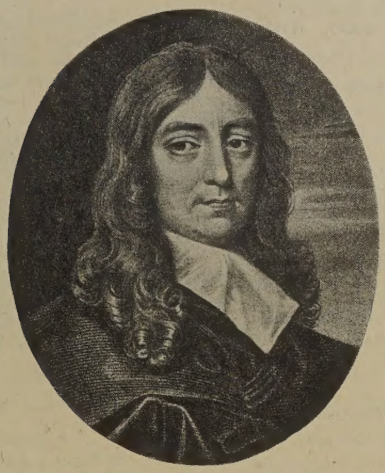
Volume LXII CHICAGO, DECEMBER 10, 1908 Number 15

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Thy Soul was like a star and dwelt apart:
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful Godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.
From Wordsworth's Sonnet on Milton, 1802.



JOHN MILTON.

December 9, 1608 November 8, 1684

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXII THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1908 NUMBER 15

O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand,
For what can war but endless war still breed?
Till truth and right from violence be freed,
And public faith clear'd from the shameful brand
Of public fraud. In vain doth valour bleed,
While Avarice and Rapine share the land.
—*Milton.*

The two-cent postal rate to Great Britain seems to be making trouble as yet. But this does not prevent Germany from adopting the same rate on the first of January. In the postal realm at least, the organized world has come.

Dr. George A. Gordon, of Boston, gave the Milton address before the Harvard University, Dr. William Everett before the Massachusetts Historical Society; Edwin D. Mead spoke in the Boston Public Library; in England George Meredith read a poem; Sir Frederick Bridge spoke in Westminster Abbey, and the British Museum has arranged a display of its Miltonina, biographs, documents, etc., etc.

The question as to whether organized society began in warlike or pacific needs depends on how far one goes back. The modern "nation," as Walter Bagehot claims, may be the product of war and the warlike spirit, but the home instinct and the commercial life that gather around the modern community reach down into sub-human realms. The wild buffalo of the plains, the social birds, and the colonizing bees and ants show the real roots of the communal life. The community is older than the nation, and peace is more fundamental than war.

If the Christian Science movement succeeds in giving us a daily paper that will "publish the real news of the world in a clean, wholesome manner, devoid of the sensational methods employed by so many newspapers," it will accomplish a most worthy aim, and the "Monitor" should be welcomed into every home in America. But in its reach after purity it must not do violence to reality. When it promises to give "no exploitations or illustrations of vice and crime," it arouses the apprehension that it will distort life rather than interpret it. An undue and untrue exploitation of vice and crime is the vice of modern journalism, but to ignor vice and crime altogether, if it were possible, would be a more vicious menace of progress. We want a paper that will show us the world as it is, and will

"Count it crime to let a truth slip."

The Dairy Show now in progress in Chicago offers certain interesting contributions to the question of race. With cows as with man, race champions are often confronted by facts. The Lady Colantha, who occupies the post of honor in the center of the pavilion and claims the world record, one who was insured for fifteen thousand dollars before she ventured on the risky journey to Chicago, is a Holstein, while Loretta D., champion cow in all breeds in the dairy test of the Louisiana Exposition at St. Louis, was a Jersey. "Hoard's Dairyman" for December 4 has a picture of Countess of Dunmore, the champion dairy cow of Australia, who is a "Shorthorn." Let the wise apply this to the human race and breed questions and realize that there is something deeper even than such thorough breeding as obtains in the bovine realms. The forces that make for excellence are too complex and obscure to justify dogmatism on any lines.

The December number of *Current Literature* is rendered a notable one if for no other reason than that it presents in its Religion and Ethics Department, in condensed form, the religious views of Helen Keller, H. G. Wells and Victor Hugo, largely in their own words. It is a far cry from the little deaf mute woman of Cambridge to the great Hugo, and H. G. Wells, the man who has passed through the line of fiction to the direct teaching of morals and the elevation of the social order, is not an inappropriate halfway house between the two. These three "Confessions" are taken from three books which invite and doubtless will receive close reading on the part of the more thoughtful. Helen Keller's last book is entitled "The World I Live In"; Mr. Wells' first and last thing, "A Confession of Faith and A Rule of Life," has already been noticed in these columns, and the new work from the pen of Victor Hugo is the belated and still uncompleted preface to the greatest of fictions, "Les Miserables." Its appearance in English may well be looked forward to with eagerness.

Apropos the sermon on "Some New Phases of the Woman Question," published in another column, the following petition was offered at the close of the service and extensively signed by the men in the audience. When the constituency is canvassed, the petition will be presented in person by a Lincoln Centre delegation of men, and the hope was expressed that men belonging to other organizations, churches, clubs, universities and professional groups, would go and do likewise. Not only obvious chivalry but practical sagacity places upon man the responsibility of taking the initiative in this reform. It is the men alone who can

extend the suffrage to women; it is the men alone who are responsible for the withholding of the same so long. And it is equally obvious that the men who hold offices granted by men will naturally look to men for instruction and guidance. A lukewarm believer in woman suffrage is a faithless man and stands convicted, by his own words, of intellectual confusion, if nothing worse. By this time the issue has been beaten to the clear among the intelligent, and he who is not for it is against it. The following petition is a cry for help where help, heaven knows, is much needed. Municipal administration has not yet been such a triumphant success as to justify either complacency or lukewarmness. We commend this petition to the study of our men readers, and we suggest that all the male readers within the city limits who believe in an expanded suffrage sign the same or a better one and send it to the Charter Convention Committee:

"To The New Charter Committee.—Gentlemen: The undersigned men, who are supporters, friends and co-operators with the Abraham Lincoln Centre in Chicago, would respectfully but earnestly urge upon you the importance of incorporating in the New Charter a Municipal Suffrage clause for women, as a most important step forward in municipal government.

The city needs reinforcement along the lines of housekeeping, home-making, the care of dependants, the education of the young, sobriety and social purity. On all these lines woman has been conspicuously developed by the laws of man and the laws of nature. The men of the city need her help on civic lines, and she in turn needs the coöperation of men."

Dr. Hirsch befriended Santa Claus in his sermon last Sunday, and, while putting in a timely good word for the jolly saint, whose dominion should be extended, not curtailed, took occasion to say some other things still more timely and much needed. He said:

"I pity the child who comes to the second decade of life already old and blase. Misses who ought to be in the nursery are dressed to look like milliners' models. If a child gives a party its picture appears in the yellow journals and its parents buy copies of the paper to send to admiring relatives. Girls and boys become blase before they are out of short clothes. Let your children make mud pies. Let them be awkward. Let them not know of sheath gowns and merry widow hats.

"Many teachers make the mistake of warning children against vice, crime, theft and other forms of wrongdoing. Don'ts abound in our nurseries and schools. This is all wrong. 'Thou shalt do' is the keynote to sound in the moral instruction of youth.

"Admiration is the natural expression of youth. Horace's motto was 'admire nothing,' but Horace, it seems, was a wine agent. When a child fails to admire there is something wrong with its mentality. We pamper children until they lose the power to admire, anl they come to the second decade of life already old.

"One of the signs of youth is the power of enthusiasm. Chill it not. There are fools nowadays even in women's clubs and conventicles of educators who warn us against letting our children believe in fairy tales. They say we should explain the mysteries of nature to the young with scientific exactness. And men must bow today to the pronunciamentos of the woman's clubs. This is Saint Nicholas' day in Holland and the children there are rejoicing in their belief that the good saint has brought their gifts.

"But in this enlightened and progressive land, forsooth, the little ones much not be permitted to cherish such a mistaken illusion. We are to make it clear to them that there is no Saint Nicholas, and that the toys came from papa and mamma, lest our children become addicted to untruth.

"Many a child has become an inveterate liar without ever having heard of Saint Nicholas, and many a boy or girl who believed firmly in the saint has grown up to be a truthful man or woman. Leave the child its realm of imagination, for out of that come enthusiasm and the joy of youth.

"That nation is not the highest but the lowest which forces children into daily toil for bread. Child labor is a shame. It is unnatural and satanical. The injustice perpetrated by it transcends the power of human language to describe."

The Tercentennial of John Milton.

John Milton's place in English literature, next to Shakespeare, is established beyond any doubt by the most competent of critics,—Time. Three centuries have tried him and he has survived the test and stands today unchallenged, as the major bard of English poetry, always excepting the one who broke through all geographical and national barriers. Of Shakespeare, the most that England can claim is that it contributed one name to the limited band of universals, those who belong to all peoples and all ages; who are citizens of the world, the common property of humanity.

Last Sunday afternoon the large auditorium of Mandel Hall, of the University of Chicago, was crowded to the galleries with those who listened to Professor Clark's vocal interpretations of passages from "Paradise Lost," "L'Allegro" and "Samson Agonistes". On Tuesday afternoon another meeting was held in the same place, presided over by Professor Vincent, at which Professor McClintock discussed "Milton, the Younger Artist". Professor Lovett, "Milton's Political Thought," and Professor Moulton "Milton as the Greatest of Englishmen." On Wednesday afternoon Donald Robertson's players presented "The Masque of Comus" in the same place.

This academic recognition was doubtless paralleled with variations in all the great educational institutions sustained and frequented by English-speaking people.

But quite aside from the deathless poetry, John Milton deserves these tercentennial honors as a man, a reformer, a civic prophet, a champion of democracy and a herald of liberty. It is his greatness in this direction, probably, that Professor Moulton dwelt upon in his address on "Milton as the Greatest Englishman."

Many years ago the present writer heard the then venerable but still youthful Professor Corson prove to his Cornell class that John Milton in his press notes, tract papers, on questions of statecraft and social problems, had anticipated most of the conclusions that have been arrived at by what we call the leading thinkers of today.

By some kind of curious slip a tract of his entitled "Christian Doctrine," written in the last year of his life, disappeared and was not found, or at least not given to the public, until 1823, one hundred and forty-nine years after his death. When it was found, it moved Channing to deliver his great address on John Milton, a classic in American literature; one in which the genius of the great liberal preacher reached toward its high water mark. This recovered tract showed

that John Milton, in his old age at least, was anything but orthodox in his theology. Following Channing's arguments, the Unitarians have been disposed to claim him or at least to recognize in him a forerunner of those who believe in reason in religion and love as the dominant inspiration. Indeed, his great masterpiece, "Paradise Lost," is still awaiting its full appreciation, because it is still hard to release the free poetry from the dogmatic theology which it is supposed to teach.

John Milton's life easily falls into three parts, which, in round numbers, may be thus stated: Thirty years to preparation,—the poet in training; twenty years to agitation,—the citizen in the travail of a great political revolution; sixteen years to creation, during which, though broken, blind and disappointed, he realized the ambitions of youth and wrote his name among the immortal bards. Of the first and last periods UNITY may not take editorial note, but it must take note of those twenty tempestuous years when John Milton was the pen of Oliver Cromwell, the scholar of the commonwealth, a flame-bearer in that procession that carried the Pilgrims across the sea. His place among the Puritan theologians is less certain than it was once supposed to be, but his place as a major prophet of liberty is growing more and more sure and commanding.

John Milton, like Samuel, was dedicated at birth to temple service. He entered Cambridge with a view of fitting himself for the church. But he soon discovered himself out of joint, perhaps not so much with the thought as the practice of the Established Church of his day. There is reason to believe that he recoiled from some of the articles of the Creed, but there is positive proof that he promptly recoiled from the low standards of living, the selfish politics that worked through the church. Though finding that he could not give himself directly to the ministry of religion, he never swerved from the purpose of giving himself to the ministry of truth and nobility.

There is nothing finer in the biography of patriotism than the story of the young poet turning back when his beloved Greece was almost in sight, on account of the distressed condition of his country, and hastening home to throw himself into the seething political caldron. He became the secretary of Foreign Languages for the Council of the new government, the champion controversialist of the great Puritan movement, with an abandon and an enthusiasm that would do justice to an American political campaign. He became the Tractarian of the Puritan cause, giving and taking sturdy blows, writing, now in Latin, now in English, upon the hottest questions that were going, doing it in the most pugnacious and defiant way possible, taking as many hard names as he himself dared give. For twenty years his ambition to write poetry was almost wholly laid aside. When the Cromwellian movement wavered and monarchy again asserted itself it was only by some curious combination, some mysterious providence, that Milton's head was saved while many of his associates lost theirs, and then there was enough of it left to do the great thing.

And the great thing was accomplished, perhaps, not in spite of but on account of the great renunciation. In 1641 he wrote:

> "I saw that a way was opening for the establishment of real liberty; that the foundation was laying for the deliverance of mankind from the yoke of slavery and superstition. * * * * * I perceived that if I ever wished to be of use, I ought at least not to be wanting to my country, to the church, and to so many of my fellow-Christians, in a crisis of so much danger; I therefore determined to relinquish the other pursuits in which I was engaged, and to transfer the whole force of my talents and my industry to this one important object."

He wrote for the abolition of bishops and tithes; for the establishment of free schools, more just divorce legislation, and for the freedom of the press. This last document, his "Areopagitica —In the spirit of the Areopagus—is at least a pamphlet for our day as for his. It is a plea for the "liberty of unlicensed printing," still in demand. And although the little tract of fifty-eight pages in open type is accompanied by nearly a hundred pages of notes and comments in smaller type, in the edition at hand, it is easy reading at this distance, and far ahead of European legislation today and of many American practices.

We commend to the political journalism, aye, even to the religious press of America, the following:

> "Three principal things, without which all praising is but courtship and flattery:
> 1. When that only is praised which is solidly worth praise;
> 2. When greatest likelihoods are brought that such things are truly and really in those persons to whom they are ascribed;
> 3. When he who praises can demonstrate that he flatters not."

Surely, he deserves to be remembered on the three hundreth anniversary of his birth, who said:

> "Let Truth and Falsehood grapple. Who ever knew Truth put to the worst in a free and open encounter? Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing."

CORRESPONDENCE.

"Having To" Once More.

I have been reading the comments of Edwin G. Brown on the article of Lincoln Steffens in the *American Magazine*. It is a subject worthy of discussion, and I regard it one of the weaknesses of the average American that he does not more resolutely face the issue which Mr. Steffens presents. Is it true that men and their motives are bad? asks Mr. Steffens, or is it rather that we, humanly speaking, force them to the course they pursue under present conditions or system? After reading Mr. Brown's article I am satisfied that Mr. Steffens is mainly in the right.

We live in a society in which commercial rewards are highly thought of. Go where you please, in any community, large or small, in this country the leading members are almost invariably men who have succeeded in amassing a fortune. The scholar in his study, the philosopher in his closet may condemn this arrangement of things, but in the practical world of affairs but one voice is heard—the voice of money. If we scrutinize carefully this process of wealth-

getting we find that the highest rewards are bound up with very hazardous conditions. To build a railway or trolley line requires a franchise, and the same provision holds true of gas, of electric lighting, water and similar sources of modern fortunes. Even the manufacturing industry demands a protective tariff. In order to secure these privileges many men and many interests must be conciliated. But the rewards are enormous and, as a rule, there is a keen struggle among those who wish to land the prize. Under such a system it is practically impossible for the strictly honest man to succeed. If he remains true to his conception of right and wrong he will be passed by and some other man or combination, less scrupulous, will secure the prize and with it all the consideration, social and political, that goes with it. It is true that the scrupulous man may step aside and refuse to enter the game. He may prefer to be clean and keep his self-respect intact. But this does not alter the general condition of affairs. Such a man is not on the highway of life but on a by-path.

Now and then when there is a particularly flagrant offense society has a spasm of reform and demands the punishment of some one. But in such instances the authorities rarely probe, or dare to probe to the seat of corruption. They stop with the lesser and more obvious offender. In the meantime most of us are delighted to learn that one man has been convicted. We feel encouraged to believe that the law has been vindicated and that a better state of things is at hand. But the scape-goat and his allies know better. They do not even feel guilty, knowing, as they do, how general the disease is. They merely remain quiet, waiting for the spasm to have spent itself.

Take the case of Charles W. Morse, who has just been sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment by a Federal judge in New York. Does he consider the sentence justified or do those who best know his career? They consider him one of the accidental victims of the spasmodic attack on predatory wealth. Had the crash not occurred in the money market during the fall of 1907 Mr. Morse might have survived the various risks he was running and emerged one of our most eminent captains of industry. He who risks nothing gains nothing. It was only a few months before the panic that he was regarded as one of the leaders in financial circles. Other bankers beside Mr. Morse confessed to breaking the law after the crisis was over, and as they escaped bankruptcy they are still held up as examples of American enterprise. When one listens to what is said behind the scenes he cannot help feeling a sense of pity for this victim of the law.

I believe it is the conditions imposed upon us, or, to use Mr. Steffens' word, the "system," that is responsible for most of our so-called commercial corruption. As Judge Grosscup has it, we Americans are very eager to shut the barn door after the horse is stolen. We apparently are afraid to tackle, even to discuss, the larger question, viz.: how to establish right economic conditions, making it possible for a man honestly to conduct business. When there is a race to gain enormous rewards people overstrain themselves to win the prize.

This process infects our society. It makes religion a thing apart from our daily life. Conscience no longer enters into our business calculations. The men who conduct the big affairs of this country justify their conduct by the appeal that they are only doing what everyone does or would like to do. And when we congratulate ourselves upon our newly awakened conscience in the country, we only befog our minds. We confuse the impulse to do right with the practical working out of the problem. We might as well congratulate ourselves on our New Year resolutions on the first of January. The situation rather calls for cool analysis and a steady, persistent, unrelenting determination to establish the right system.

PHYSIOCRAT.

THE PULPIT.

Some New Phases of the Woman Question

SERMON PREACHED BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES IN ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO, DECEMBER 6, 1908.

In the last analysis I know of only three great fundamental social questions with which modern civilization is confronted today, viz., The Labor Problem, The War Problem, The Woman Problem. Statecraft must primarily concern itself in the twentieth century with the adjusting of capital and labor, employer and employe, with the finding of the economic justice in the relation of nation to nation in such a way as to eliminate the awful extravagance, the terrible waste of time and blood, of money and brains, represented by the foolish armament, the wicked display, the worse than useless investments in the machinery of destruction, the art of killing, which at the present time absorbs an overwhelming percentage of the resources, physical and psychical, of the modern world, and, lastly, with the finding of the poise of sex, the adjustment of man and woman, that will insure the more permanent foundations of the home and utilize the energy, sense and consecration of both man and woman to the full, in the interest of the community, the corporate life of the city, state and nation.

In trying to say something like this in an informal talk before a company of women graduates, the College Alumnae Association of Detroit, the other day, I was promptly challenged by one who said:

"I have an idea of what you mean by the labor problem; we all know what is meant by the awful, pressing war problem, militarism in its far-reaching and blighting effect, but I have no idea what you mean by the woman problem. What is the woman question?"

I had to confess then as I confess now, that I do not know what it is; if I did, it would cease to be a problem. But that there is such a problem, far-reaching and profound, forcing itself more and more to the front, demanding more and more the serious thought, the frank discussions and the something done about it and that right soon, I have no doubt; and this, like all questions of statecraft and social adjustment, must be studied in the cool, clear light of reason; it must be subjected to the analysis of the scientific method. Solution comes from the discovery of the facts and a recognition of the same, unbiased by the conventions, the sentimentalities, the traditions and the tyrannies of the past, which must ever be revised, renewed and brought into line by growing experience and expanding wisdom. What was good and right yesterday becomes bad and wrong today, and the inspiration of today must needs be kept moving or it becomes the fetter and the obstacle of tomorrow.

In the light of evolution, woman has passed or is passing from the condition of being the drudge of primitive man through that of being the plaything,

the decoration, the luxury of the cavalier, the pride of the aristocrat, upon whose fair form he hangs his trinkets, displaying his generosity and his chivalry in the gewgaws, filigree ornaments, precious stones, dainty fabrics, whose values are determined by their perishableness and the amount of human life woven into their intricate meshes, to the final stage which indeed, is reached by but few, that of being a companion to man, a sharer of his toils, a fellow-student with him, a yoke-fellow, a help-meet indeed. In this last stage woman's brain, muscle, nerve, her wits and her affections are commodities to be invested along side with those of the man, in the interest of the home. They are needed by the state. She is a partner in the business of life, a contributor to progress, a fellow citizen in the real democracy; she must eventually count one in the commonwealth.

Whatever the woman question may be and however it is to be solved, the solution must begin in a recognition of the globular quality of a soul. It is the unit of spiritual force, quite independent of sex variation. Personality is deeper and higher than sex in the realm of life, there are identical elements and forces within, identity of dangers and perplexities, duties and privileges without, that know no distinction of sex. There is a time in the history of the human embryo when no sex is distinguishable. There comes a time in the growth of the human soul when sex consciousness fades into the consciousness of oneness with God, a kinship with all sentient being, sub-human, human and superhuman. "In Christ Jesus there is neither male nor female."

From such altitudes, woman realizes that the safety of the cradle is dependent upon the purity of the Chief Executive and the honor of senators, and the man realizes that the destiny of the nation toddles in every pair of baby shoes, and that indeed "the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world." The jurist knows that international justice is closely linked with the sweetness of the fireside.

How to achieve this poise of sex, how to arrive at this sanctity, to develop to the full the spiritual potency of the individual, man or woman, and to ally the same to the higher life of the community and the state, is the permanent, unchanging element in the "woman question." The details of the discussion and its particular applications change. Just now this sex question is assuming an acute form, particularly in England and here in Chicago, in the shape of a persistent demand for the rights and responsibilities of the ballot-box. Unfortunately here in Chicago, the agitation in the interests of equal suffrage is led chiefly by women who have been brought to feel the impotency of their situation, the imperfect and necessarily fractional character of the service they could and would render the state if the artificial barriers were removed.

These leaders in England and America, it is claimed, represent but a minority of their sex, but that fact counts but little. All reforms have been led by minorities, and the battle for purity and progress, for refinement and justice, is so urgent, the foes so persistent, the dangers so imminent, conquest so necessary, that any reinforcement, however few in number, should be welcome. If there be but one woman in the city of Chicago with sufficiently large brain, clear conscience and executive ability to wisely help in the administration of the city, that woman is needed.

And so, the old phrase, "Woman's right to the ballot," should give way to the newer phrase, "the city's need of woman's ballot." Of woman's right to a full life, her right to use all her powers, her right to guard her home, protect her children and her property in every way possible, her right to a voice in the administration of the government that taxes her estate and educates her children, I think now no sane man or woman will deliberately deny. The debating ground is shifted to one of expediency and of timeliness. Not "Has she a right," but, "Would it be wise to impose upon her the tasks of suffrage?" is the question propounded by the opposition. It is the economic question. Has she the strength to spare? Can she assume this extra task of going to the ballot box two or three times a year to give legal expression to the judgment that must be matured through the discussions, investigations, studies, duties and perplexities of the whole year?

The question, then, here in Chicago—to confine this discussion to home problems, for my object is practical, not theoretical—is not of the woman's right to the ballot but of the city's need of her ballot.

The old sociology derived organized society from a primitive patriarchate—the government of the father or grandfather. That one who could bend the strongest bow or most skillfully throw the pike, became the clansman, the leader, around whom gathered the other bowmen and pikesmen to resist the invasion of neighboring clans; to lead the valorous in defense of the fireside.

But the new sociology teaches that away back of this patriarchate there was a matriarchate that organized society around the domestic fireside. The pacific needs of humanity are older than war-like necessities. Society rests primarily, not on war, but on peace. It was first organized, not around the warrior, but around the mother. The first co-operations were in the interest of the cradle; infancy, and not a crown, developed the social necessity as well as the social instinct. And this rule of the helpless, the domination of the weak, reaches away below the earliest dawn of humanity. War is comparatively a modern industry, and it reaches its perfection, unfortunately, in what we call civilization. There was never so much money invested in armament, there were never so many men, in time of peace, subjected to the forced idleness, the expensive inactivity, the uninspiring monotony for war-like reasons and measures as today.

This is but the rule of brawn carried to its logical conclusion, the philosophy of might continuing the barbaric momentum in the face of logic, in the face of all the economic prudences, in the face of philosophy, in the face of religion, in the face of the obvious interests of humanity. And this false emphasis, this belated faith in the civilizing power of the "Big Stick," this wasteful survival of childish pageantry and obsolete aristocracy as the sign and pledge of governmental power, can be corrected only by the introduction of the divinely appointed representatives of love, those who, biologically and sociologically, have learned the power of kind words and gentle tones; those who have, through the accumulated generations, won their point by smiles and not by blows. The fabled Amazons who were formidable in battle, dauntless in the use of weapons, have become extinct, not because woman has grown cowardly or even frail and feeble, but because the line of her development has revealed to her the better way.

Monsieur Block, a man, has written a masterful argument against war. His work shows the costliness of it and its imbecility as an instrument of justice. But

Baroness von Suttner, a woman, has written the convincing and moving appeal to the nations to "Ground Arms," because women have grown tired of bearing boys to be shot at; they have grown weary of the gruesome tasks of trying to mend the mangled flesh and of surviving the awful devastations of the battlefield.

Men need the feminine element in a government that is devoted to the humanities, that undertakes to keep the larger house in order, to protect its helpless, to take care of its maimed and defective wards, to educate its children. Already ninety per cent or more of the public school-teaching force in America is feminine; already women have won their way into all the learned professions; already they have proved their ability to conduct business, to be successful farmers, gardeners, stock-growers, merchants. Why should not the state profit by their judgment and their experience at the center of things? Whatever woman's weaknesses may be, and they are many, they are not such as to render American politics venial, office-holders coarse, and polling-places vulgar. Woman has largely avoided the debaucheries of the pipe and the glass, and higher science, the later civilization, developed largely through the protest and leading of women, has come to regard intoxicants, opiates and narcotics as inimical to the larger and purer life of the individual and the community. Many men may be noble and communities may be progressive while these poisons are indulged in, but in spite of, and not on account of their use.

Witness the confession of President Eliot of Harvard College, probably the foremost all-around citizen in America today, who has recently said that, spite of his own long life-habit of moderate drinking, spite of his own distrust of total abstinence and prohibition, he has been taught by the growing experience of the United States, by the logic of events, that intoxicants are unnecessary, that the saloon is bad, and henceforth he is with the "dry territory movement." The ever-increasing number of men who have come to Dr. Eliot's conclusion extend pleading hands to the women, who have ever been the greater sufferers and who, in America at least, have been the pioneer workers, the original crusaders, in this campaign for sobriety, to come and help them.

Drunken politics is necessarily corrupt politics. Take the carousings out of our political campaigns, move our political council chambers and committee rooms from the nasty back rooms of the saloons, and you will purify politics. Let men summon in this reserve corps, which for a long time has been in high training, and enough of the women will rally to the support of the decent elements in the country to drive the saloon and the saloon-keeper, in vast areas, even in such a metropolis as Chicago, out of the business which, as now conducted, is an unmitigated detriment to the city, an unqualified obstacle to its progress, a mighty menace to the homes and to the boys and girls who gather around its firesides.

Again, the state is driven to the enfranchisement of women in order to save it from certain demoralizing and debauching tendencies incident to the obsolete theories concerning women's inferiority to and consequent dependence upon man for maintenance and right to be. Woman, in the very nature of things, is called upon to deal primarily with universal realities; she is, in the nature of the case, the primal democrat. And still, the unnatural stultifications of law and custom have made women today, wittingly or unwittingly the guardians or perpetrators of the most mischievous aristocracy that American life is threatened with. In man's foolish effort to make woman something a little more and better than human, to set her above masculine hardships and temptations, he has unwittingly thrust her downward into the most unmitigated drudgeries of modern industries, on the one hand, and compelled her to seek her diversion, discipline and distinction along the lines of the most frivolous, expensive, soul-crippling conventions and extravagances on the other hand.

Two series of magazine articles now in process of publication justify and exemplify both these propositions. William Hard's studies in *Eyerybody's Magazine* on "The Woman Invasion" show how her advent into the mill and shop life of the world has depressed wages, lowered the standard of efficiency, immensely complicated economic problems, and at the same time stultified the lives of the women and children involved.

On the other hand, Professor Thomas's articles in the *American Magazine* show the woman problem from the other end of society. His article on "The Sociology of Woman's Dress" and "The Mind of Woman," show how under the temptations or the inspirations of abundant means and growing leisure she is diverting the productive power of the world, absorbing the industrial energy of millions of men, women and children in the interest of things that are transient, that do not add to the appreciation of the beautiful, the peace of mind, or even to the beauty of the home or the attractiveness of woman. He says:

"When silks and furs and gems and lace and the unminted gold are attached to the person of woman, it follows also that the household and the world in which she moves are transformed to harmonize with her showy taste and appearance."

He further shows how the old role of "half-angel, half-bird," however pretty it might be,

"Denatures woman; makes her a thing instead of a person, a fact of environment, an object of man's manipulation, instead of an agent for transforming the world. * * * * It introduces class inequalities, hatred and suffering unknown in savagery or barbarism."

From the woman who carries on her person ten thousand dollars' worth of finery and jewelry, the estimate which a prominent business man of Chicago once admiringly put upon his wife—to the 2,211 women in the stogy factories of Pittsburg, who fit into the machines that turn out these nasty things, is a far cry. They represent the opposite poles of a social system which is absolutely undemocratic, cruel and degenerate. One girl in the stogy factory packs 27,000 of these stogies into tin boxes in the course of a ten-hour day, reaching, as Mr. Hard says, "the very limit of human adroitness of manipulation." But we have also reached the minimum of individual free soul. And when we consider the vaunted dry-goods trade, which largely caters to the transient and on that account the fashionable things pertaining to woman's wardrobe, traffic that has probably made more millionaires in Chicago than any other one business, we reach the limit of soul-producing, character-making, community-serving life of woman. An alleged inferiority in woman, whether it be in power of earning money, quality of service, or race, always tends to brutalize man, to degrade the supposed superior. And a leisure that does not bring responsibility and high service will bring frivolity and debauchery.

So, if the state needs the help of woman's ballot, woman needs the solemnizing and consecrating of her life such as come only with the responsibilities of statesmanship. Responsibility is educative. The ballot has always proved a mighty uplifting element in the life

of man. So will it be, I believe, in the life of woman. Low as is the standard of many of our American voters, the ballot box has been an uplifting agency. Rebellious Celt, stolid German, unlettered Scandinavian, crushed Slav, Italian and Spaniard, brutalized by a crushing aristocracy, the black man, weakened by generations of slavery, have all been touched by the little paper ballot in the United States into a higher grade of manhood. They have caught a public spirit and they are in the process of being developed into self-reliant rulers where the people are royal.

So will it be with woman. With the ballot will come more ability to protect herself from the brutalizing degradations of cheap labor and shop tyranny; and with the ballot will come that interest in higher things, that sense of responsibility, which will shame the woman at the other pole of society out of her superficiality, frivolity and show; that will lead her to clothe herself in righteousness as well as in beauty; to seek simplicity and durability as now she seeks complexity, novelty and change in her drapery and surroundings.

The argument that many women do not desire the ballot is a pitiable argument in favor of it. It shows how embryonic is public spirit in the community, when favored women do not care for an opportunity to be counted in on the side of virtue against vice, honor against corruption, intelligence against ignorance.

I defend a man's right to the ballot though he have but one arm, rendering him incompetent to carry a musket; though he be rheumatic and unable to march in the line. All the enfranchised realm of woman's privileges and duties will remain hers; all the "influence" and "persuasion" she is capable of will still wait upon her. The ballot is a plus of more or less value, and women, like men, need to be educated, nay, inspired to go for all they are worth in this world; to sell their lives as dearly as they can; to leave no stone unturned, no word unspoken, no accent unplaced, no prayer unfelt or unbreathed that makes for the kingdom of peace and righteousness, the kingdom that recognizes both men and women as equal children of the Most High God.

Lastly, both men and women need an extension of the suffrage in order to bring them together again in the higher walks of life.

The old monasticism has had its day; we are now temporarily beset with the dangers of a new monasticism which leads men and women to flock apart in their leisure; to recognize and exaggerate the unreal though dangerous sex lines in the exercise of their brains and in the discussion of the grave interests of society. It is an awful commentary upon our social method when we reflect that the "Ladies' night" in "Gentlemen's clubs" and "Gentlemen's night" in "Ladies' clubs" are the nights devoted to superficiality, lighter entertainment and indolence of mind; nights given to dancing, card-playing, promiscuous programs and foolish show of vulgar dress. The enfranchised woman will not always take her best life to the woman's club and her conventionalized self to the church. She will rather re-commit herself to that only normal society where old and young, men and women, the attractive and uninteresting, seek each other, and their seeking will not be in vain.

Co-education, spite of all obstacles and objections, has largely come to stay in the life of normal boys and girls. In the United States, at least in the West, have we won out only to have the sexes promptly segregated in after life? Uni-sexual clubs indicate the social imbecility, if nothing worse, of the members thereof. Democracy must find its climax in the joint labors of men and women, the wedded energy of husband and wife, the combined wisdom of father and mother. Woman must become more manly in her standards of scholarship; more manly in her standards of taste in dress and art and in her estimate of success and power; she must stand beside her brother and say, "I will be content with nothing less than a standard of efficiency and a *quid pro quo,* be it money or otherwise, equivalent to that achieved and received by my brother."

And, on the other hand, man must become more womanly in his standards of purity; more womanly in his tenderness, his devoutness, his purity of speech and of action. The noblest manhood will every carry about with it a woman's heart, as the noblest womanhood will go with a man's judgment.

Thus only shall we come to that happy union of man and woman in the happy home that will fit into the wise state, supported by the equal suffrage and equal sacrifice or men and women, of which Tennyson sings:

"The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the to-be,

THE STUDY TABLE.

Book Notices.*

*"The Nearer and Farther East." Outline studies of Moslem Lands and of Siam, Burma and Korea. Samuel M. Zwener and Arthur Judson Brown. New York: The MacMillan Co. 1908. 16vo., pp. xv, 325.

*1. "Christianity in Modern Japan." Ernest W. Clement. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society. 1905. 16vo. pp. xv. 205.

*2. "Christianity of Today Series." Chicago; 1908. The Open Court Publishing Co.

*3. "What We Know About Jesus." Charles F. Dole. 16vo. pp. xiii. 89.

*4. "Jesus and Modern Religion." Edwin A. Rumball. 16vo. pp. xi. 155.

*5. "Remains of Gospels and Sayings of Christ." Bernard Pick. 16vo. pp. xi 158.

It is cause for satisfaction that more exact and accurate knowledge is demanded in the direction of mission work. One striking evidence of this fact is the series of carefully prepared textbooks issued by the Central Committee on the United Study of Missions. Seven of these were first issued with Latin titles ("Via Christi," "Lux Christi," etc.) and in paper covers. These have now been all reissued with English titles and in neat cloth binding. To them is now added a new volume, "The Near and Farther East." It is a work of joint authorship. Mr. Samuel M. Zwemer, in four well written chapters,—Islam; its character and its conquests, the social evils of Islam, the story of missions to Moslems, the work that remains to be done—deals with the Moslem world. Mr. Zwemer knows Islam at first hand and writes with vigor, force and freshness. His discussion is fair and honest as is possible for it to be, considering the author's birth and training, and is extremely interesting. It will prove stimulating for those for whom it was written and is useful even to those who, like your reviewer, differ from the author both in standpoint and conclusion. Zwemer claims that Islam is the greatest

of non-Christian religions in point of number of followers, which he sets at 200,000,000 to 250,000,000. The three essays by Dr. Brown deal with Siam, Burma, and Korea. They are less interesting, less vitally and forcefully presented, than Zwemer's work, but are useful, symmetrical productions of the encyclopedic kind, conveying a good deal of valuable information.

Mr. Clement is already well known through his other writings about Japan. His "Handbook of Modern Japan" met a need and has gone through several editions. His "Japanese Floral Calendar" and his edition of that standard old work, "Hildreth's Japan and the Japanese" have been well received. The book before us, *1 "Christianity in Modern Japan," is a piece of work equally good with the others. It presents in handy and convenient form and arrangement just that information regarding its subject which any intelligent reader needs. Just at this stage in affairs, it appeals to a much larger body than the mission, or even the religious, element. Mr. Clement divides the modern movement of Christianity in Japan into five periods:

Preliminary, 1803-1859.
Preparation, 1859-1873.
Foundations, 1873-1883.
Popularity, 1883-1889.
Reaction, 1889-1899.
Revival, 1899——.

He presents first a general historical sketch of Christianity from the opening of ports in 1859 to the present time. This is well balanced, sufficiently detailed and well-told. He then presents details in separate chapters of the work of each of the great missionary organizations, arranging them in alphabetical order, plainly with the view of avoiding partisan jealousies and criticism. The remaining chapters deal with the work of lesser societies, with special movements and with a series of topics growing out of his general subject. His treatment is on the whole fair and liberal. The book is well illustrated and contains an excellent map.

An ordinary reader going through with the *2 "Christianity of Today Series" may well find his head whirling. He might naturally expect, from the general title, to find here a group of books harmoniously fitted together and developing a consistent system of religious teaching. What he really finds is a series of interesting and suggestive books, whose independent authors whack everywhere, but all of whom more or less remotely are talking about Christ. *3 "What We Know About Jesus," by Dr. Charles F. Dole, is a sifting of the available material to find what we actually know about the founder of Christianity. The four gospels are our only real material. Dr. Dole at once sets the fourth gospel aside. It tells us nothing at first hand; "it is precisely like certain early paintings of Jesus in which the artist has obviously put his own ideal on the canvas." The remaining gospels are not written by eyewitnesses or acquaintances. None can be carried back to within a generation of Christ's death. When we examine them, we find that almost all we know of Christ's life is found in Mark. This gospel contains 180 verses regarding the wonderstories, 200 verses of Christ's teachings, 160 verses relative to his life. Of the latter, one half are occupied with his trial and death. In all the gospel together there is really no more than about two chapters of fifty verses each of strictly biographical matter, We know little of his life; we know almost nothing of his authentic utterances. Having thus prepared his field, Dr. Dole presents chapters upon the real man in two aspects, two kinds of teachings, the question of Messiahship, Jesus as the founder of Christianity, and certain positive conclusions. He considers Jesus one of the world-teachers. He illustrates his view by a "simple parable." "A child was once given a costly gem. It was wrapped in many coverings and hidden away in a dark chest so that he could rarely see it. He fondly supposed that it was the only gem in the world. At last a whole handful of beautiful jewels were set before him. Is he poorer or richer than before?"

In Dr. Dole's book we have a constant remonstrant apology. He leaves the impression of half-heartedness or timidity. Although his material is consistently handled, his style cloys. Mr. Rumball's book, *4 "Jesus and Modern Religion," is more forcefuliy written. He makes few apologies. He discusses Christ with vigor. For him Jesus is the "Child of his Age," not one of the twentieth century; he is a "bygone leader," not one of today; he is an "early Christian symbol," not one adapted to modern conditions. Rumball considers the effort to put new wine into old bottles a failure. He examines Christ as presented in the gospels, and finds him to be neither the early nor the later "Christian symbol." He then speaks of "Sunset and Dawn," and says: "They have taken away my Lord and I know not where they have laid him; so may the Christian soul lament after reading the preceding chapters." The destructive work ends here and the balance of the book is devoted to constructing a religion for today. To your reviewer this latter part is less well thought, less well presented, than the earlier. It appears to be a series of scattered and not clearly connected essays, varying in value and power. The book would certainly gain by separate publication of these two parts.

Dr. Pick's work is hardly to be harmonized with the preceding. Dr. Dole devotes himself to demonstrating how little we have from and of Jesus. Mr. Rumball throws that little to the winds. Dr. Pick hoards and treasurers all that Matthew, Mark, Luke and John give us and adds thereto much that even the early fathers of the church rejected as heretical or unauthentic. In his *5 "Remains of Gospels and Sayings of Christ," he presents, in compact form, convenient for reference and study, what is known of other than the Canonical Gospels. There are more than a dozen such. Regarding each Dr. Pick presents, (A) What is said of them by the fathers of the church, (B) The fragments of them which have come down to the present. Dr. Pick then gives a great collection of "Agrapha" sayings, which not occurring in the gospels are traditionally referred to Christ. One hundred and fifty-four such sayings are given. The text concludes with the "Apocalypse of Peter." Dr. Pick has added an excellent Bibliography. The book has real value and the work is well done. It takes a Baring-Gould to find beauty in most of this extra-canonical material, but no student of the Bible, whatever his attitude, should overlook this study help.

FREDERICK STARR.

NOTES.

Down here by my lake in central Florida I am once more settled for the winter. I wish that all the readers of UNITY could be here, with the roses out of doors and the books in doors, and the wide fire-places for cool evenings. The first books to greet me are a couple from Harper Brothers. "Davie and Elisabeth," by Mu-

riel Campbell Dyar, is a little classic, reminding one of John Brown's "Rab and His Friends." You will enjoy it thoroughly. There is but one chapter in it that I should like to see cut out or modified. You shall guess for yourselves which chapter it is. The other volume is entitled "The Whole Family; a Novel by Twelve Authors," led off by Wm. Dean Howells. They all have the same topic, and are expected to work it out in twelve different ways, but somehow each author, excepting Howells, loses his individuality somewhat. I do not think that I should be able to select the work of Mrs. Freeman or Mrs. Phelps or Alice Brown or Henry Van Dyke. Even Henry James gets a little mixed up in the collaboration.

In Clinton, surrounded by libaries and reading folk, books sometimes seem to be almost rubbish. They push each other to get off the table; and so I think some of the best get forgotten altogether too quickly. As yet down here there are not many books, and they have not piled up in my house so badly as to get in the way. I have given five hundred for a town library, and now I want somebody to build a library for us. You do not know how important the South is getting to be in American life—in agriculture and in manufactures alike it is forging ahead. You can talk evolution down here now; and Calvin's bones are buried. Twenty years from today the leading States will be south of Mason and Dixon's line, educationally, socially, politically. Perhaps New Englanders have something else to do, after abolishing slavery. I wish Abraham Lincoln could have lived until today.

E. P. Powell.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Macmillan Company:

Introduction to the Study of Comparative Religion. By Frank Byron Jevons. 283 pages. Price, $1.50 net.

India: Its Life and Thought. By John P. Jones. 448 pages. Price, $2.50 net.

The Bible for Home and School. By Edgar J. Goodspeed. 132 pages. Price, 50 cents net.

The Educational Ideal in the Ministry. By William Herbert Perry Faunce. 286 pages. Price, $1.25 net.

Houghton, Mifflin & Company:

The Home Builder. By Lyman Abbott. 128 pages. Price, 75 cents net.

Buddhism and Immortality. By William Sturgis Bigelow. 75 pages. Price, 75 cents net.

American Unitarian Association:

Where the Light Dwelleth. By Robert Collyer. 330 pages. Price, $1.40 net.

Some Memories. By Robert Collyer. 248 pages. Price, $1.25 net.

Sons of the Puritans; A Group of Brief Biographies. 244 pages. Price, $1.50 net.

The Sea of Faith. By Milton Reed. 111 pages. Price, 80 cents net.

A Book of Prayers. By Charles Gordon Ames. 163 pages. Price, $1.50 net.

The Higher Sacrifice. By David Starr Jordan. 54 pages. Price, 80 cents net.

Captain Thomas A. Scott. By F. Hopkinson Smith. 76 pages. Price, 60 cents net.

B. W. Huebsch Company:

The Spiritual Significance of Modern Socialism. By John Spargo. 94 pages. Price, 50 cents net.

Ginn & Company:

Texts of the Peace Conference at The Hague, 1899 and 1907. Edited by James Brown Scott. 447 pages.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

A Canyon Voyage. By Frederick S. Dellenbaugh. 277 pages. Price, $3.50 net.

A Woman at Bay. By Sibilla Aleramo. 329 pages. Price, $1.50.

Open Court Publishing Company:

Remains of Gospels and Sayings of Christ. By Bernhard Pick, Ph. D., D. D. 158 pages. Price, 75 cents net.

God, an Inquiry and a Solution. By Paul Carus. 239 pages. Price, $1 net.

Life and Ministry of Jesus. By Rudolph Otto. 85 pages. Price, 50 cents net.

Sherman, French & Company:

Jesus of Nazareth. By S. C. Bradley. 575 pages. Price, $2 net.

Idylls of Greece. By Howard V. Sutherland. 175 pages. Price, $1 net.

The Miller and the Toad. By Richard Clifton. 220 pages. Price, $1.20 net.

Bobbs-Merrill Company:

Home Again With Me. By James Whitcomb Riley. Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy.

Riley Songs of Summer. By James Whitcomb Riley. 190 pages.

EXTRACTS.

But it is a serious thing, under any pretense, however plausible, to abandon ideals, and thus to give up the effort to rise to a nobler level of practice than that on which we happen to stand. So long as we retain high ideals of justice and right, we can at least aim at them, and we may possibly make some progress in the effort to live up to them.—*From Cunningham's "Wisdom of the Wise."*

"One God, one Scripture, one Church.
Eternal Progress of the Soul.
Communion of Prophets and Saints.
Fatherhood and Motherhood of God.
Brotherhood of Man and Sisterhood of Woman.
Harmony of Knowledge and Holiness, Love and Work.
Yoga and Asceticism in their highest development.
Loyalty to Sovereign."

—*The Creed of Chunder Sen, from John P. Jones' "India: Its Life and Thought."*

All beings are one; and when one man strikes another, he strikes all men, including himself. Just when and where and how in terms of space and time he feels his own blow depends on circumstances, but sooner or later he will. A good deed comes back to the doer in just the same way.—*From Bigelow's "Buddhism and Immortality."*

There is no human being so hedged in by calamity, vice and degradation, but that he or she may start on the upward road by some act of determination for good. If the wish, "Grant me my heaven now," fails of fulfillment, who knows that it may not be fulfilled in the train of heroic effort?—*From Bloomfield's "Religion of the Veda."*

The maintenance of general peace, and a possible reduction of the excessive armaments which weigh upon all nations, present themselves in the existing condition of the whole world, as the ideal towards which the endeavors of all governments should be directed.—*From Scott's "Texts of the Peace Conferences at The Hague."*

Religion itself insists persistently on the fact that you have your duty here and now in this world to perform, and that the rest, the future consequences, you must leave to God.—*From Jevons' "Introduction to the Study of Comparative Religion."*

The Pleasant Life.

When I came back to Nature's ways,
After a city's ill-spent days,
And saw in summer fields of gold,
That billowed in the wind and rolled
Against green hedges, and the tree,
When all its leaves danced merrily;
And saw the simple cattle look
With eyes whose lashes hardly shook;
And clouds that changed heaven's face and could
Seem motionless, stare how I would;
And all the sweet, wild blossoms seen
In leafy woods and meadows green:
When I saw these sweet sights, and heard
The music made by Brook and Bird;
The Skylark's voice, that happy hour
He soared up through a sunny shower;
And Woodland Brook, that raised his tones
Each time he came to rock and stones—
When I saw these sweet sights and heard
The music made by Brook and Bird,
"Nature," I said, "take thou my trust
Until this Earth reclaims its dust."

W. H. Davies in The Nation.

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—I have meant honestly all my life, both with myself and others, and in all my earthly strivings have ever looked upwards to the Highest.

MON.—Many are man's desires, yet little it is that he needeth.

TUES.—Where once you trust yourself, you know the art of living.

WEDNES.—Plants and flowers of the commonest kind may form a charming diary for us, because nothing that calls back the remembrance of a happy moment can be insignificant.

THURS.—A man has only to declare that he is free and the next moment he feels the conditions to which he is a subject. Let him venture to declare that he is under conditions and then he will feel that he is free.

FRI.—A teacher who can arouse a feeling for one single good action, for one single good poem, accomplishes more than he who fills our memory with rows on rows of natural objects, classified with name and fame.

SAT.—One alone can do but little, but he can avail who in the proper hour unites his strength with others.

—*Goethe.*

Escape at Bedtime.

The lights from the parlor and kitchen shone out
  Through the blinds and the windows and bars;
And high over head and all moving about,
  There were thousands of millions of stars.
There ne'er were such thousands of leaves on a tree,
  Nor of people in church or the park,
As the crowds of the stars that looked down upon me,
  And that glitter and winked in the dark.
The Dog, and the Plough, and the Hunter, and all,
  And the star of the sailor, and Mars,
These shone in the sky, and the pail by the wall,
  Would be half full of water and stars.
They saw me at last, and they chased me with cries,
  And they soon had me packed into bed;
But the glory kept shining and bright in my eyes,
  And the stars going round in my head.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

Grandma's Rag-Bag.

"Oh, grandma, where did you get this?" asked Annie Mason, eagerly. She was standing on the wide, old-fashioned "settle" in the tidy sitting-room, and reaching up to the mantel for a new match-box. It was the figure of an old woman leading a donkey. He had a pannier on each side to hold matches; these were made to imitate woven straw baskets, and so rough that a match rubbed against the surface would light readily.

"What would you say if I told you it came out of my rag-bag?" returned grandma, with twinkling eyes.

Annie's brown eyes twinkled back.

"I'd say, Please lend me your rag-bag, grandma! I'd like to look for more pretty things."

"You might not find any more just now. A little girl once asked the poet Longfellow where 'The Ancient Mariner' came from, and he answered that he thought likely it came out of the inkstand on his study table. He meant that the inkstand once belonged to Coleridge, who wrote the poem."

"Oh, I see. But about the old woman and the donkey—how did they come out of the bag?"

"This way; I sold the rags yesterday; there were a good many, for the bag has had all winter to grow heavy, and the peddler had this pretty match-box in his wagon. I thought it would please you, so I took it in exchange."

"It is ever so pretty, and, grandma, please tell me what else has come out of your bag."

"A good many things, dear; I don't know as I can remember all, for I've had that rag-bag so many years —ever since I kept house. It was one of my wedding presents! You laugh; and it was a queer one, I know, but my old nurse gave it to me, more as a joke than anything else. She made it herself, not of old calico, run up any way, but new 'patch,' as we called it then, strong and good, meant to last."

"It is such pretty patch, grandma, with those roses and vines and little birds all over it. Mamma says the old-fashioned prints were prettier than she can buy now."

"I think they were," returned the old lady. "Well, I valued it for nurse's sake, and took her hint of economy in good part. I was a long time getting the bag full, for I never put anything into it that would be of use to any one. The first rags went for a broom or a dipper. White rags then sold for seven or eight cents a pound, colored for three.

"That bag has bought clothes-pins, tin cups, egg-beaters, the brown earthen tea pot that grandpa likes to see when he comes home tired and cold, the match-box, and—oh, I must tell you about the time grandpa was sick, and the bag did a good turn.

"There was no such village here then as now; only a few scattered houses; no railroad to the city. I had never been in the cars more than two or three times when I was married. It was not always easy to get, even for the sick, the fruit and other delicacies which were needed. Grandpa had considerable fever, and do what I would, though my cooking was called nice, nothing seemed to taste right. There was not an ice-cream freezer in the place, and he was so thirsty all the time! We could only keep bringing fresh water from the well; no one had any ice.

"One afternoon I was bathing his head, thinking about grapes and oranges and lemons, wishing I could get some fruit for him, but it seemed like wishing for a roc's egg, when who should drive into the yard but Roberts, the peddler!

"At first I felt vexed, when I heard the rumble of the wagon wheels and the tramp of the old horse, close to the open window, when I was trying my best to keep grandpa quiet. Of course I must go to the door and send him off, for he was pounding on the panel with his fist, and out I went.

"'I've no time to sell rags today,' I said, and was going to tell him why, when what should I see, tucked away in a corner, but a basket of oranges! Very few they were, and the man said he had meant to take them home, but, when he knew why I wanted them, he sold me half a dozen. A princess never enjoyed her jewels more than I did those golden beauties!

"And in some way I felt cheered, too. I had been so anxious, almost discouraged, about grandpa, but I had more hope from that minute. Those oranges, coming just when they were so much needed and I had thought them so far away, seemed like a promise of brighter days. In sheer gladness I put them into the rag-bag, carried it into his room, and turned them out on the bed.

"He was as pleased as a child; it was such a surprise. They seemed to do him more good than medicine. Next morning he was better, and he kept on getting better.

"And I guess those oranges were the best things that ever came out of grandma's rag-bag."

Mrs. Mary Johnson.

Love Virtue; she alone is free:
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heav'n itself would stoop to her.

JOHN MILTOIN-COMUS.

The Watch Tower.

Dr. G. Stanley Hall and Public Education.

Last week the papers contained some statement from an address by President Hall of Clark University, to the Twentieth Century Club of Chicago, upon the general theme of our public schools, which were said to be inadequate from the standpoint of effective physical and moral education. Some things were said about the need of men teachers for high school boys, the lack of discipline and the need of good industrial training which will prevent boys, dropping out of school before reaching the higher grades. This is not the first time Dr. Hall has called attention to the short-comings in our educational system. Many will recall his address before the last General Council of Congregational Churches, when, after pointing out the his-influence that they schould,atrffg ularathdreg mm this is th toric connection between Christianity and education, he called attention to the fact that our public schools are not exerting the moral influence that they should. Since the secularization of education in this country, he showed that there has been a steady increase in divorce, in homicide,—until now the United States has led the world in these things,—and of juvenile crime, so that recently the greatest number of convictions are of those in their latter teens. These evils may be due to causes that lie deeper than failure on part of the public school in this regard, nevertheless it is the hope of all Americans that our educational system may be able to offset such downward tendencies as exist from whatever cause. Dr. Hall brought out the fact that the mutual suspicions and doctrinal differences among religious sects make anything like biblical instruction in the public school impracticable, but that some method of religious or moral instruction should be worked out, which, though "Godless and Bibleless in name" may nevertheless sieze upon the sentiments of patriotism, honor, mutual help and social service, thus realizing a Christianity not ecclesiastical or dogmatic, but genuine nevertheless.

The Newspapers and Science.

Recently the papers published information to the effect that a well known foreign scientist, d'Albe, a member of the Society for Psychical Research, has brought forth a new molecular theory of the soul, which may enable scientists to determine its weight and even see it "under the ultra violet light"! The only thing that concerns thinking people in connection with this sort of stuff is the marvelous eagerness with which the newspapers give publicity to anything of this nature, and even distort matter really scientific in its nature. There are many people who depend upon the papers for their scientific information, and to confuse them with the pseudo scientific merely for the sake of the sensational, when the press has so great an opportunity to instruct, is a breach of public trust almost unpardonable.

Dr. Josiah Strong and Church Unity.

In the December number of the Homiletic Review is a paper by Dr. Strong, entitled "The Increasing Oneness of the World." He says, "The tendency of the long past has been toward diversity, that of the future will be toward oneness." After dwelling upon the results of modern industrial development in establishing a feeling of internationalism, and increasing the interdependence of the individuals in society, and breaking down provincialism with its consequent prejudices and ignorance, he has this to say about the union of Christianity: "For ages men of different creeds have 'religiously hated one another for love of God.' Until recently the tendency has been toward the multiplication of sects, but now denominations of the same great family are drawing toward each other, and we hear of Pan-Presbyterian, Pan-Methodist and Pan-Anglican gatherings. In a few instances, closely related denominations have become organically one; and some dare to hope for a reunited Christendom—a pan large enough to hold us all! The work of the past has been to fashion many different instruments for the world orchestra, and all history has been filled with their discords while in the making. But now the work of harmonizing is well begun and the time will surely come when they will be attuned to heaven's keynote of, brotherly love."

The Connecticut Congregationalists

The recent action of the Congregationalists of Connecticut in appointing a committee on Church Unity in response to the initiative in that regard taken by the Lambeth Conference of the Anglican Church, last summer, is significant to those who hope for a reunited Christendom. There is coming to be a general feeling that greater effectiveness in social service which is necessary if the church is to accomplish its mission in this generation, can be had only through co-operation of the various Christian bodies. Anything like a working basis between the Congregational and Episcopal churches in America, especially in the light of recent fanatical tendencies of the extreme high church party of the latter, would seem to be a matter of the very far distant future, improbable indeed if the church were left to itself. But fortunately the pressing issues of modern social and industrial life, turning the Church's attention to human needs and to that extent away from the doctrinal and ecclesiastical survivals of a past world-order, may be pregnant with possibilities of a reassertion of the soul of Christianity with an accompanying reconstruction of our institutions, political and ecclesiastical, for which today men hardly dare to hope.

The Chicago Elections.

The special grand jury, impaneled to investigate the charges of election fraud, growing out of the Healy-Wayman controversy, made its report last Friday,—a report which explains, to a large degree, why the better elements in the city have so often met defeat at the polls. Such defeats have been charged to indifference and lack of organization, of which, unfortunately, there is enough, but when elections are habitually so tampered with that they fail to record the people's will, someone else must come in for a share of the blame. In addition to finding bills of indictment against sixty-six persons, the jury makes public a condition of affairs in which corruption is far reaching in its extent. To quote from the published report: "We find, and so report, that no confidence can be placed in the reported results in favor or against any candidate for a party nomination at said (Aug. primary) election * * * * From the facts coming to our knowledge, we express serious doubt whether there has been an honest general or city election in Chicago for years past." It is needless to say that men who so pervert democratic institutions for their own gain are traitors to the common good. These irregularities are only a part of a greater sin, which has long been fastening itself in the hearts of the people—the disposition to put the gain of the individual before the welfare of the community. We are reaping the logical fruits of our individualism. The remedy for such things lies in the development of a true social consciousness.

E. D. M.

About Unity.

FROM A CONGREGATIONAL PASTOR IN MINNESOTA.—I shall need UNITY all the more now, being so far from Chicago. Some way or another there is an atmosphere about your paper that puts it outside the class of religious papers.

Your interpretation of the things of life as they pass us day by day is so eminently sane. Your thought seems ever to be, "Does this thing square with His Spirit," while too many religious papers I have in mind give one the impression that they are seeking to square with some system of theology or with Roosevelt's latest dictum on peace by way of force. You have a most happy way of making us see, with Mrs. Browning, that "carpet dusting, though a pretty trade, is not the imperative labor after all."

For all of which accept my most sincere thanks and just rest assured that your cup of cold water goes farther than your subscription list.

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THE FIELD.

FOREIGN NOTES.

GLEANINGS FROM THE FRENCH PRESS.—One is sometimes almost startled by chancing to see first in some foreign exchange notice of what is transpiring in our own land. So it was with this item in *Le Protestant*, regarding the troubles of American Roman Catholics:

"The most scholarly catholic periodical in the United States, the *New York Review*, has just disappeared by pontifical command. This review, founded some years ago, was the official organ of the principal seminary of the United States, that of New York, situated at Dunwoodie. Its director was the superior of the seminary, Mr. James Driscoll. Articles published in this review had received the *imprimatur* of the Archbishop, Mgr. Farley. Their authors have received from Rome orders to cease publication under pain of being put upon the Index, and deprived of their charges. One of the contributors to this review, Mr. Hauna, professor in the great seminary at Rochester, was asked for last year, at the Vatican, as coadjutor with future succession. The Vatican refused on the ground of his being a modernist. Besides this, the Vatican has just censured the publishers of a catholic encyclopedia now being issued in the United States. One of the three publishers, a Jesuit, by the way, has sailed for Rome for the purpose of explaining matters. In this case too the authors are suspected of Americanism. American archbishops are now trying to keep this encyclopedia from being put on the Index, as that discredits the catholic church in the eyes of liberal Americans."

Odd enought is this item regarding censorship in Japan:

"Mr. Henri Lebrou, an author, we believe of Bergerac origin, writes from that distant empire to *La Gironde* an interesting letter in which he recounts the mighty deeds of Japanese bureaucracy. It has just proscribed one after another, works of Tolstoi, Moliere and Zola. A little work of Tolstoi's The Meaning of the Russian Revolution, had just been translated into English and Japanese. Denounced by some official journal, its sale was interdicted within ten days and all copies in the bookstores were seized. A like fate, not long after befell a translation of the works of Moliere; no one has ever found out why. The translation of Zola's Paris was next prohibited; but stranger still, the Japanese censor had before that proscribed a *Life of Benjamin Franklin* and the *Vicar of Wakefield* on the score of immorality, Macaullay's History of England because it justifies the overthrow of James II. and John Stuart Mill's Representative Government."

Tolstoi figures again in a paragraph headed Curiosities of Anti-Semitism. According to the editor of *La Libre Parole*, Tolstoi is of Jewish origin. His first ancestor came from Germany to Tchernigof in 1353, under the name of Loev Indris. A descendant of this latter, who settled in Moscow and was very fat, is said to have received from Grand Duke Basil-Vasielief, the surname Tolstoi, which means fat, and this surname has remained in the family.

Another article in *La Libre Parole* is devoted to a play entitled *Israel*, which Mr. Bernstein will shortly have presented. In this play Bernstein treats the question of the war of races, introducing as one of his characters a great nobleman who plays the anti-Semite but to whom his mother eventually reveals that he is the son of a Jew. Commenting on this, the reviewer, Mr. Jean Drault, raises a very delicate question for those of his party who call themselves Christians when he says: "If Mr. Bernstein serves us up again our God, Christ the Jew—though he was a Galilean, which is, perhaps, not just the same thing—a considerable part of of the public will evidently and but vainly expect this very natural repartee from the great nobleman in question: "Well, what of it? Christ was the son of a Jew, so be it, but he was also an anti-Semite. This is proved by the fact that he was crucified by the Jews for having driven the merchants out of the temple, and my first duty as a catholic is to read and practice the *Imitation of our Lord Jesus Christ.*" M. E. H.

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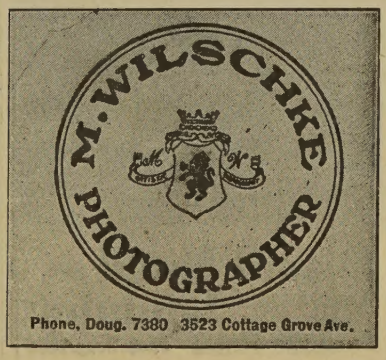

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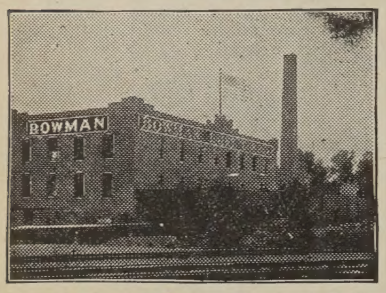

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